

This is one of the soul-stirring cartoons of Thomas Nast, used in the Civil War time!

With the change of but one word the old song of my personal friend, P. B. Bliss, fits this very day.

Let it be sung in town and country, hamlet and crossroads. The tune everybody knows.

How our bonnie lads sang it on the trains as they went off to their ships and before they went into battle!

Tens of thousands on the crooked and steep lines of battle, sometimes in the rain and in the dark, wet trenches, are still singing the soul-inspiring words.

The only ones of our dear fellows not singing lie in the soft moonlight in the graves near where they fell in the forests, where they laid down their lives for the flag—for our flag, the Stars and Stripes, with its blue banner of silver stars.

Let Soissons, the fields of Flanders, Cantigny, Chateau Thierry and St. Mihiel tell the tale to us afresh.

Not one of them was a slacker or laggard.

Not one of them said, "I am weak and hungry."

Not one halted or said he was tired.

Though the stars over their heads were lighting them to their graves.

Gladly they gave their lives, believing that the home folks would honor them for what they are doing, and at least back up the government in sending other boys to take their places and supporting the war until the sure victory came along.

What Is the Fact Today?

Do the mothers, who had nothing else to give but their boys, feel that the surrender of their sons will have been made for nothing when those who have stopped at home are not willing to supply the money to take the Liberty Bonds to pay off the soldiers, clothe and feed them?

Though it is hardly possible for any one who holds bonds a little while after peace comes to lose anything on the Government Bonds, how can we square ourselves with our consciences if we refuse to take any risk, when our flag and our country are attacked with an intent to destroy them and spread a new language over our land and hoist a new flag, as was done in Alsace and Lorraine?

How can any man or woman claim to be an American and sit comfortably enjoying a Philadelphia home and not raise a hand?

The bell in the State House Steeple rang out over the heads of the signers a century and a half ago: "Ye must sign up today for freedom." That old bell with its broken voice stands up in the old Independence Hall, calling to the two millions of Philadelphia people:

*Ye Must
Ye Must
Ye Must*

sign up for Liberty Bonds today.

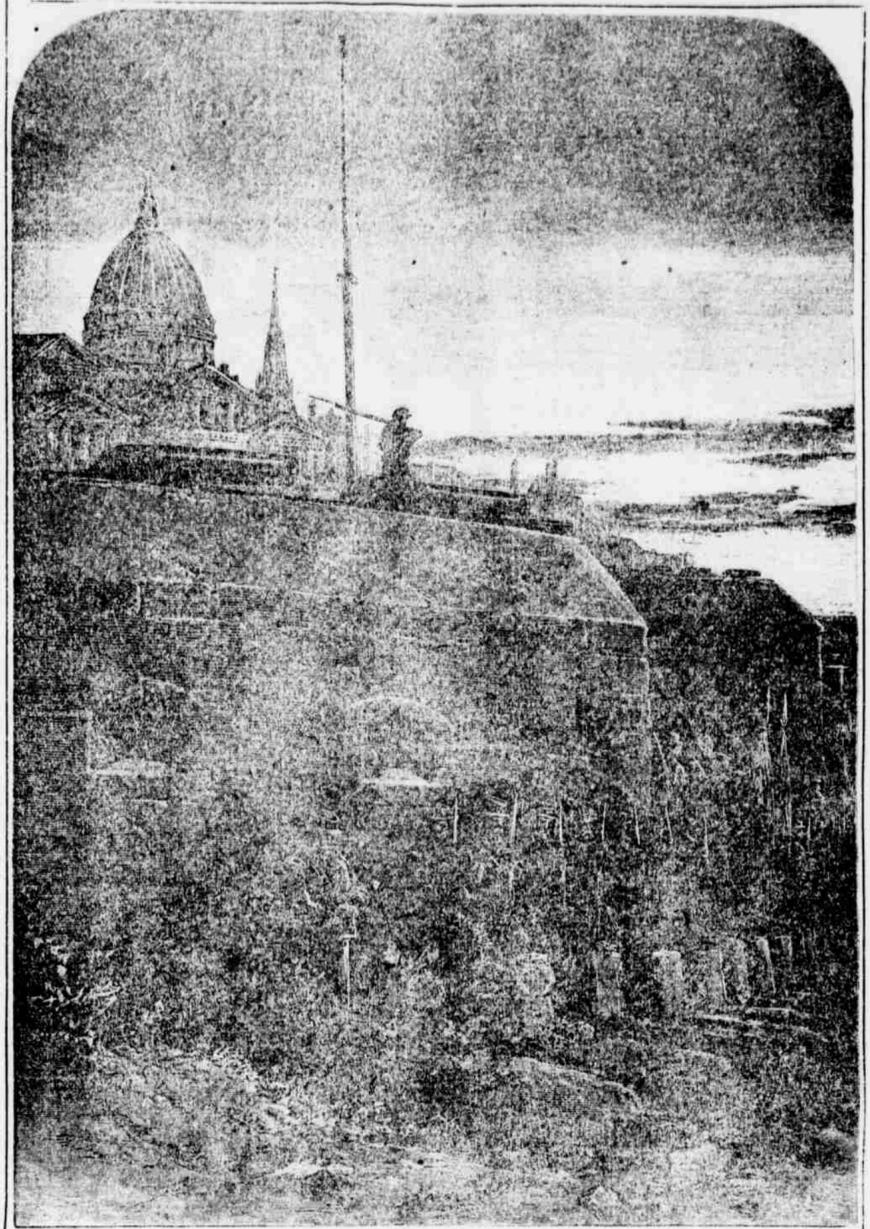
The writer is saying to himself:

"What is money in comparison to the duty that conscience and the country calls upon us for in its necessities?"

"What is the worth of anything we have—grounds and buildings, stocks and bonds, and bank deposits—if our country is allowed to fail at home or abroad in this extremity?"

[Signed]

John W. Haman



HOLD THE FORT

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Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

Chorus:

*Hold the Fort, for I am coming,
Heaven signals still,
Wave the answer back to Heaven,
By Thy grace we'll will.*

See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow;
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!